

"I love mankind?—I do. I do
As victims love them; as the sea-dog doats
Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats,
Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives."

The devotees toiled on, happy in bringing their fruits as an offering to the mystic priest of this vaguely splendid religion, and join their voices in the weird chant with the tyrant of the death-sceptre. What dark deeds were committed here under the shadow of this strange pile of San Xavier, with those who came to trust as in God, and passed out cursed and stained by craft! They came up in a thousand haunting visions to live again.

As we came out through the broken gate-way, a long-limbed Mexican, with jingling spurs, rode by on a wiry pony, and with a graceful wave of the hand and "*Buenos días, señor!*" dashed on. A woman, whose dark eyes looked out from a swarthy face, half hid by a bright *mantillela* drawn over her head, upon which was poised an *olla* of water, strode by, and passed into one of the small adobe houses. They looked oriental, while dead years hung their drapery on the crumbling front of San Xavier. We drove away while the vesper bells were ringing, and when far across the valley we turned, once more to see the dome and towers standing out in the clear, sharp light of sunset, while the few clouds in the great expanse of heaven caught the last kiss of day on their lowest drifts, lit up in a crimson flame—and then the sudden darkness that knows no gloaming fell upon the valley of the Santa Cruz.

Birds are fewer in Arizona than in any section of the Union. The raven—the bird "from the night's Plutonian shore"—is seen

everywhere—lazily musing from the limb of a dead tree in solemn stateliness—gazing long and attentively upon the sun-blistered landscape, as if it were the dearest scene on earth—then, with a croak, flapping away in the quiet air. Of insects, we boast the tarantula, and that is enough. It is the "black cat" of every new-comer to the territory. It lives everywhere—in the mountains, *mesas*, and even in houses. In the summer, this ugly bundle of repulsive legs and bright eyes invades all places; the weary sleeper turns down the sheet at midnight, and finds the tarantula waiting for him; the plainsman has only lighted his fire for the night, when he finds himself in a colony of them, and they all come out to greet the visitor. Its bite is sometimes as fatal as that of the rattlesnake. Campers on the *mesas* come in close contact with both, but a few drops of boiling water in his house puts the tarantula out of the way. Their houses are models of instructive art. They are constructed of much the material of an Eastern hornet's nest, set in a hole in the ground, and provided with a lid or shutter, which, when down, closes up the house, with a contrivance in principle not unlike the hasp and staple. While the plainsman is dreaming sweetly, after the usual slaughter of tarantulas, not unfrequently the rattlesnake glides his cold length across him, or steals in under the blankets to share the warmth. This latter situation is not enviable, for an incautious movement may rouse the guest to plant his fangs in the sleeper, the result being not unfrequently death. A yell of "Snakes!" at midnight, in camp, with the lights all out, arouses a form of terror surpassing anything in the spectral visions of Dante. JAMES WYATT OATES.

A GLIMPSE OF THE UNUSUAL.

The office-boy approached my desk, and said:
"The city editor wants you."

I entered the private office of that gentleman.

"Sit down," he said.

I obeyed.

"Read that." He handed me a note, which ran thus:

"CITY EDITOR 'FOG HORN':—I shall take one of your reporters with me next Sunday, if agreeable.

"J. H. WHITESIDES."

"Well?" I interrogated.

"Will you go?" he asked, with a fixed look.

"Certainly."

"You are not afraid?"

I smiled.

"I knew it," he said.

I blushed.

"That will do."

I left the office. There must have been an unusual expression on my face, for a reporter asked me:

"What did he want?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, carelessly; but my face evidently belied my words.

"I believe it was——"

"What?"

"The balloon."

"Yes."

"And he selected you?"

"Of course."

There was doubtless an accent in my tone that conveyed an idea of my importance; for several, who had overheard the conversation, gathered around me in a state of excitement tinged with envy. I was calm, proud, superior; which proves that some reporters have sensibilities—of certain kinds. Two of our corps had already made ascensions.

"Bah!" they exclaimed, disdainfully, "it is nothing."

Nevertheless, I had a triumph. The news soon spread. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, condolence, pity, praise, adjurations, advice, solicitations, warnings, dire forebodings. I was called brave; several persons took the liberty of saying I was a fool. Some predicted that my heart would fail at the last moment; others contested the point, and bets were made, with the odds against my nerve. Why should I fail? it was argued. Had I not frequently concealed myself under the table at a caucus—been shot at—gone disguised into gambling hells—tied the knot at hangings—had my nose smashed and my jaw broken? Oh, yes, it was answered; but those adventures proved merely the fact that I was endowed with physical courage. I was sadly lacking in moral courage; for instance—but I decline to publish others' opinions of my depravity. I was the egg in this boiling pot, and was hardened.

"I will show you," I thought, but said nothing.

There were but three incidents connected with the ascension that are worthy of mention.

The first incident: I was introduced to Professor Whitesides, late of Chicago, now of San Francisco. He grasped my hand and remarked:

"I am glad to meet you."

"Thanks."

"What do you weigh?"

"Hundred and twenty-five."

"Good."

We were standing under the balloon, which had been inflated, and which the high wind caused to tug at its fastenings. The professor asked:

"Ever been up before?"

"No."

"We shall start in thirty minutes."

"All right."

He looked me straight in the face and asked:

"How do you feel?"

I experienced a feeling of shame in admitting that the question seemed strange. I reflected that it is customary to ask questions concerning health at the commencement of a conversation. I had no idea that he meant anything else. Furthermore, the form of the question seemed irregular. Why had he not asked me, in the usual way, if I were well? Still, I reflected that perhaps the method he had chosen was current in Chicago, so I answered:

"Very well, thanks."

He actually stared at me. I saw I had committed a blunder, and, to repair the damage, added:

"How are you?"

This made matters worse.

"Oh, never better."

As he said this he turned away to conceal a smile. When he had recovered his composure he again looked me full in the face, and said:

"You'll do."

The second incident: I was chatting with a reporter for a rival paper. He had made an ascension. In the course of conversation I asked him quite naturally, quite idly, and for no reason whatever, that I can imagine:

"How did it feel?"

A strange look came into his eyes, his under lip quivered, and he did not answer the question, pretending not to have heard it. This conduct, more than anything else, involved the science of ballooning in a profound mystery.

The third incident: We were sailing along bravely at an altitude of five thousand feet. The professor pointed out familiar landmarks. Suddenly he regarded me with a degree of interest, and repeated this remarkable question:

"How do you feel?"

I was confused. He was shaking the curtain behind which was concealed the mystery. I remembered that I had committed a grave indiscretion on the former occasion, doubtless through misunderstanding him. In the latter instance, with that self-complacency that characterizes reporters, I made the unpardonable mistake of neglecting to inquire of him his meaning. Many thoughts flashed through my mind. It was a supreme moment. I became desperate, and answered in one word—

"Dry."

He stared more fixedly than in the first case, then burst into laughter. I was offended. He noticed it, and made the same remark as before:

"You'll do."

I mention only these three incidents, as they all touched on something which I could not comprehend, and which has affected my whole

life—even though I came afterward to understand its purport and its frightful consequences. I may here write that there is nothing remarkable in a balloon ascension *per se*, unless it produces results more terrible than death itself. I do not mean such results as having a fight with a crazed aeronaut, being dropped into the ocean, or torn through mud, or beaten against the ground until few sound bones remain. I consider such contingencies absolutely trifling. As to the sensation experienced by a novice, there is more of that in *hasheesh* or an opium pipe. I cared nothing for the waving of handkerchiefs, and the shouts of the multitude, and the band music, as the aeronaut cut the guy-rope; nothing for an encounter with trees, as we cleared the ground; nothing for our having been practiced upon with a Winchester rifle, while we were not three thousand feet in the air; nothing for having sighted the balloon containing Professor Colgrove and Miss Allison, hovering over the Bay of San Francisco, nor for the racy experience they had; nothing for sundry adventures, nor for having been dragged through the trees, knocked about, torn through the branches, as we were landing; nothing for the quiet remark of Professor Whitesides, after we had housed the balloon, that he believed he had two or three bottles somewhere in the bottom of the basket—all trivial. I shall explain. No sooner had I regained the city, than a host of friends, acquaintances, and strangers surrounded me. They welcomed me as one returned from the tomb, and showered attentions upon me. I was polite, condescending—even majestic. Strangers sought introductions; some grasped my hand without one. Fond mothers pointed me out to their children, and said:

"That's him—look at him."

Some said: "Remember him."

A friend requested me: "Tell us about it."

"Oh," I replied, "the earth presented the appearance of a beautiful panorama—a perfect work of French topographical art. The ground was carpeted with brown velvet, green satin, and gray silk. San Francisco was a vast pile of crystallized alum, dazzling and grotesque. Oakland was a partridge's nest, filled with eggs."

"How did it feel?"

I felt myself choking. The old horror—for it had become a horror—confronted me. I would be discreet this time. I asked him:

"What do you mean?"

"The sensation."

"I don't understand."

"Were you frightened?"

"No."

"Did the ground seem to drop from under you?"

"No."

"Felt no desire to jump out?"

"Assuredly not. Do you think I am insane?"

"Were you dizzy?"

"No."

And then a great light dawned upon me. I remembered then of having read that people had been affected in those ways. A weight was lifted from my breast. The question of the professor was understood; the quivering lip of the reporter still remained a mystery. I immediately sought the professor, and apologized for my stupidity. He laughed, said I was the best he ever saw, and engaged me for the next ascension.

The days passed by, and I had explained a number of times in what a balloon ascension consists. It was not unpleasant at first—it rather flattered me; but it soon became wearisome. People would stop me on the street, and ask:

"Went up in the balloon, didn't you? Saw it in the paper."

"Yes."

"How did it feel?"

For several hundreds of times I courteously answered the question as best I could. It may be inferred that it was particularly obnoxious to me, who had felt nothing. A few asked me how it looked. My politeness never deserted me in such cases, though I made the same answer that I did to the other question. I did not know, before this, that I had so many friends, so many acquaintances. At first, I was naturally proud to discover that hundreds, whom I did not know, knew me. The number swelled; it multiplied enormously. Men, women, and children appeared before me, as if by magic, and asked:

"Been up in a balloon?"

"Yes."

"How did it feel?"

The number soon ran up into the thousands. My patience was exhausted, and I wrote out a short statement and committed it to memory. This afforded temporary relief, as it required little mental exertion; but it was a tax on my nerves, and eventually became wearisome. I condensed it one-half. They met me on the highway like brigands; they made me stand and deliver:

"Been up in a balloon?"

"Yes."

"How did it feel?"

I delivered, bowed, and passed on. Matters daily became worse—hourly became desperate. The thing spread like a contagion. I went, in order to secure comfort, consolation,

and rest, to one being who was more sacred to me than life, dearer than my happiness—in whom my soul was absorbed—whose pale, thoughtful, girlish face was more holy than a hope of heaven, more enchanting than a vision of paradise—who held my heart in her slender hand, and who, I believe, loved me dearly. She met me at the door. I shall never forget the wistful expression of her beautiful eyes, as she asked, tenderly:

"You come at last? How rash you were! How did it feel?"

I stammered out something, for this blow had nearly broken my heart, and then I left her. I see her now, standing at the door, surprised at my sudden departure; a tear upon her cheek, and a great anxiety in her lovely eyes; but I went away, and did not visit her again.

I became morose, made short and surly answers, and avoided the more public streets as much as my business as a reporter would allow. The bells became infected, their sonorous tongues clanging out:

"How did it feel? How did it feel?"

Mysterious whispers from unseen persons asked me:

"Been up in a balloon?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"How did it feel?"

The whole world was against me, and I became timid, thoughtful. I shuddered to meet any one, and abandoned them all, and became a recluse. I could not sleep. Strange and ghostly shadows appeared at my bedside. Some asked me the terrible question in a kindly way, while others grasped me by the throat and demanded:

"How did it feel?"

I told them that the ground was a panorama, a piece of French topographical art. I explained it all, but they came again the next night. After a few days, they no longer confined their incursions to darkness. They met me in the street; they lurked behind corners, and darted out at me; they crouched on piles of grindstones and grinned. I became pale; my strength and youth departed; my eyes had a hollow, anxious, dreading look. Matters soon came to this pass: when the terrible question was put to me, I swore and raved; I dashed my hat on the ground, and walked back and forth, entwining my fingers, or pulling my hair; I yelled at the phantoms, and hurled stones at them.

The mystery of the quivering lip was laid open to view, and it confronted me now, a horrible reality.

The city editor of the *Fog Horn* told me I

was overworked; that I was broken down, and must have a vacation.

To escape the more violent depredations of the phantoms, I was compelled to resort to the thronged streets. I soon noticed a man watching me. He was a detective, and I had known him long. He followed me two days. On the third, I suddenly collared him, and demanded to know his intentions. He trembled, and used persuasive language. I cursed him, and threatened to kill him. He left me.

About two hours afterward, he approached me in company with another detective. They got on either side of me, and asked me to go with them—each taking an arm. I indignantly refused, then resisted. They threatened handcuffs. I yielded, cursing. They conducted me to the city prison, and led me to the register.

"What is this for?" I demanded.

They said it was all right; that I had committed no crime, but they required me for something. They endeavored to pacify me; I called them horrible names. The clerk stood behind the register, writing. I said to him:

"If you ask me that question, I will brain you!"

He turned pale, and, after writing my name, hesitated to write the cause of arrest. He then made a sign to the officers, and handed them a bunch of keys, remarking:

"Forty-three."

The detectives took my arms, and were leading me toward a corridor. I suddenly sprung from their grasp, and ran back to the prison register. The clerk had written opposite my name that most fearful of all words:

"INSANE."

The detectives seized me; I fought like a madman. They handcuffed me, dragged me to a cell, and locked me in.

That night a million spectres visited me. They crept through the bars, small as pigmies, and dilated to enormous proportions. They sat upon me, pulled my hair, overpowered me, pressed me against the wall, dashed me violently upon the floor. I struggled fiercely, yelling and screaming with all my strength, waking the echoes in the lonely corridors. Every moment the demons hissed into my ear:

"How did it feel?"

Occasionally I would tell them that it was a beautiful panorama—French topographical art, velvet, satin, silk, crystallized alum, a bird's nest. But this never satisfied them; they shrieked:

"How did it feel?"

Then I cursed them.

Presently one demon, gigantic and hideous, with eyes of fire and a skin of scales, emitting a stifling stench from his nostrils, seized me in

his grasp and pressed his iron thumbs into my temples. The blood spurted from my ears and eyes. His other hand grasped me by the throat; he threw me down and crushed his knees into my breast. I remember that his hot breath poured into my ear this question, burning as molten lead:

"How did it feel?"

My struggles became more faint; they ceased; I slept heavily without dreaming.

I awoke, and found the warm sunshine streaming through the bars. I was exceedingly weak, but my mind was clear. My hands trembled; I was bloody. When the keeper appeared at the grating I begged him to give me a basin of water and a cup of strong coffee. I washed, drank the coffee, and was refreshed.

The detective appeared, and regarded me closely. I looked at him calmly, bade him good-morning, apologized for my conduct of the evening before. He looked gloomy, and asked me to follow him.

"To the Insanity Commission?" I asked, with a feeble smile.

He made no reply.

"Very well," I continued, "I am ready."

On leaving the cell I found two men outside, waiting. They followed us to a carriage the detective had procured, and entered it behind us, taking the rear seat. They were the guard.

"I am dangerous, then?" I asked the detective.

"I believe not," he stammered.

A tremendous task confronted me. I must outwit those shrewd, cool, deep, penetrating men composing the Insanity Commission. I must be daring, yet always on my guard; patient, self-possessed, watchful; grasping at every straw; attentive; concealing under the mask of ingenuousness the profoundest cunning; alert; not over-learned; evincing no anxiety; irascible, if I could turn it to account; desperate, if driven to a last extremity; caring nothing for my life, everything for my freedom; dreading the insane asylum more than death; and, above all, grandly unscrupulous.

There were three physicians and a judge, the latter holding the examination in chambers. They asked me to take a seat. I obeyed, saying:

"Gentlemen, I know that my appearances are against me; I am pale and haggard. Yet I have a powerful will. The examination will be long and tedious. My will shall sustain me through it all, however much I may be humiliated or exasperated. But it may also prove an obstacle to even your creating in my conduct the least semblance of insanity. So I thus disarm myself by placing you on your guard. Re-

member that I can direct my thoughts, purposes, actions, desires, as well as I can control my muscles. I can restrain impulses, padlock fancy, bury inclinations under a mountain of reason; I can burn the decrees of Destiny, and strangle Fate. Proceed."

They asked me a thousand questions concerning my birth, life, education, habits; examined into minute details, and then led back to them. I readily confessed my ignorance of that which I did not know, and never became entangled in that which I did know. I astonished them with my knowledge of human nature and the world, and explained that my journalistic education had made me acquainted with so wide a range of topics. They were perplexed. One physician whispered to the other:

"This is the profoundest cunning of insanity."

"You are mistaken."

I overheard them, alert as a fox.

"What do you think, gentlemen?" asked the judge.

"A spark may explode a mine, sir."

"Very true."

The detective whispered something in the ear of the physician who conducted the examination. His face brightened, and he asked me:

"Did you ever make a balloon ascension?"

"No," I replied, with a shade of anxiety in my voice.

A quick look of intelligence passed between the physician and the detective. I understood it. I was treading on hidden mines.

"Positively you have not?"

"Yes," with the least hesitation.

"Tax your memory; search it thoroughly."

"I have."

"And you find there is no trace of the event?"

"None."

The physician said to the judge:

"I have found the spark."

"And applied it?"

"Yes."

"And the mine?"

"Has exploded."

"Then you think——"

"He is perfectly conscientious; he has forgotten."

I conscientious! Now I knew the temper of my antagonists' steel. They had exploded one mine, but I was wandering amid others. Perhaps this catastrophe had ruined me; but I waited patiently, reserving my strength.

"Still, that is not sufficient," said the judge.

I thought not. The detective again whispered something in the physician's ear, and,

after asking me a few desultory questions, he came to this one:

"In the prosecution of your business as a reporter, no doubt you are frequently thrown in contact with persons who charge you with misrepresenting them in your report of an interview had with them, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, does it not sometimes happen that these persons assume a brusque or threatening attitude, ascribe dishonest motives, throw out unpleasant insinuations, even in some cases openly insulting you?"

"Yes."

"On such occasions your manhood and inherent dignity rebel, do they not?"

"Always."

"If I am any judge of human nature, you cannot brook an insult—am I right?"

"Perfectly."

"You would strike a man for calling you a liar?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Or asserting that you are not a gentleman?"

"I would break his neck!"

"Certainly! I admire you; but suppose that he should evince a disposition to resist?"

"Then there would be a fight."

"Precisely, precisely! Of course there would be a fight. Have you ever had a rencounter of that nature?"

"Several."

"With deadly implements?"

"Pistols, knives."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever shot?"

"Twice."

"How did it feel?"

At that question something seemed to strike me a heavy blow on the head, sending a flood of boiling poison through my veins. I looked toward the ceiling, and there discovered a narrow piece of stucco that ran around the room at the juncture of the walls and ceiling. My eyes slowly traversed the entire length until they reached the starting point. Then I answered:

"Well, it was a beautiful panorama, an exquisite piece of French topographical art. There was brown velvet, gray satin, green silk. San Francisco was an elaborate rosette of crystallized alum; Oakland——"

Great God! it had stolen on me unawares. I checked myself and blushed deeply; then I became ghastly pale. The judge looked thoughtful; the physicians contented; the detective triumphant. I had been led degradingly by the nose into a shallow, pitiful trap. The last

extremity was surely near at hand, yet I would make one more effort, into which would be concentrated all that remained of shattered strength and dying hope; the fear of the asylum, the presence of death by suicide.

I rose to my feet, folded my arms, and bowed my head.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have in reality made a balloon ascension; the memory of that disastrous event has never escaped me for a moment."

The commissioners looked somewhat puzzled, but paid the closest attention. I continued:

"I denied the fact a moment ago, and I dreaded the question that I knew would follow."

"Does it always follow?"

"Invariably. Knowing that the answer which an almost invincible habit might wring from me would surely establish a presumption of my insanity, and having a nameless horror—as all persons have—of the insane asylum, I endeavored, by a denial, to change the current of the investigation into another channel."

"I see, I see."

"The answer to that question is stereotyped in my brain; it has become a part of my nature; it is the one rock on which my will may be driven. It has harassed me, lacerated my nerves, driven me to desperation. You may imagine that I am acquainted with a greater number of persons than any but a reporter would know, and that this number is quadrupled by those who know me, and with whom I am not acquainted."

"That is perfectly reasonable; and they——"

"All ask the same question."

"Ah! Yes, yes."

"That is all."

There was a pause. It was evident that their former suspicions were shaken to their foundation.

"But," said I, remembering, "I neglected to answer your question—I will not repeat it. Here is the scar on my wrist. I shall simply answer that a gunshot wound is not pleasant."

There still seemed to be a lingering doubt. The detective and physician again whispered together, and the latter asked:

"Can you explain your conduct of last night?"

"Certainly. Nothing is more simple. My conduct was the culmination of exasperation, the triumph of anger over will. I was humiliated, degraded, and in a condition to commit murder as well as suicide. I would have hesitated at nothing."

"But your conduct for several days has created a universal conviction of your—your——"

"Insanity," I suggested.

"Thank you. Yes—insanity."

I smiled, and answered:

"It was the very impression I wished to create, so that no one would have the nerve to harass me. I am somewhat surprised that I should have succeeded so well as to mislead the detective."

I made this explanation with an open countenance, and a twinkle of the eye that indicated immense self-satisfaction. It had a powerful effect, and might have cleared me; but at this moment the detective requested that I should enter the anteroom for a moment. My heart sank at this; they would have me at a great disadvantage. Nevertheless, I obeyed cheerfully, and they locked the door upon me. I then heard the detective making an earnest explanation. After the lapse of a few minutes, they unlocked the door, and I immediately saw in their faces that my doom was sealed.

They had summoned a deputy sheriff, who stood in the room, waiting. The judge was writing—a commitment. The physicians endeavored to avoid my looks, and were preparing to leave.

"Gentlemen," I said quietly, "I see your decision in your faces. This compels me to do that which I earnestly hoped I might avoid. You force me now to place you in a strange position—I shall not say a ludicrous one."

With that they all regarded me half-wonderingly, half-pityingly. The judge continued to write; then signed his name, and pressed a blotting-pad upon the paper.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the interrogating physician, in what seemed to be an impatient tone.

"But it might anger you."

"Not at all; we would like to know."

"I beg you, then, to accept my apologies in advance. I warn you that it will be unpleasant news to you."

"Tell us, by all means."

"Remember that I am forced to say it as a last resort. I can not go to the insane sylum. I must protect myself, however disagreeable to you may be my plan."

They looked at me with considerable curiosity. Then the judge remarked, as he handed the commitment to the deputy sheriff:

"Let us hear it."

"Well, you know that, as the examination of a candidate for insane honors is held with closed doors, it is impossible for persons who wish to utilize, in a literary way, the peculiar methods of procedure in vogue with an insanity commission, to produce a pen-picture, as it were, of such procedure, and of the principal characters connected with it."

Their eyes began to open. They were almost stupefied. I continued:

"It has long been my desire to write a sketch portraying an examination, and I could gain entrance only by feigning insanity. My wish is now gratified."

I laughed as I finished. It fell like a bomb-shell among them; it annihilated them; they could not find utterance.

"I must admit," I continued, "that I am greatly flattered at having succeeded in deceiving you into a belief of my insanity. As to the detective, I am not surprised at his stupidity, for the ignorance and blunders of detectives are proverbial. I must further add that the gratification I experience at this moment, in having so successfully assumed the cunning of an insane man, is almost unbounded. I allude, as you may imagine, to those palpably weak assertions I have made as to my desire to appear insane for the purpose of frightening people out of an inclination to ask me a very silly question."

"Then all this you told us before——"

"Proceeded from a desire to shield myself from the displeasure, and you from the mortification I was sure would result if I had stated facts."

They were completely paralyzed—then angry. Presently, however, mirth succeeded anger, and there was a general laugh.

"I ask your pardon," said the physician, "for now making the remark that I consider you profoundly skilled in hypocrisy."

"I take it as a compliment, sir," I replied, laughing; "but you must remember that I am a reporter."

"I think it is time the farce should end," said the judge, as he reached for the commitment and tore it up. "We can hardly forgive you for trifling with us in this manner."

I picked up my hat, bowed, and left the room. As I reached the hall the physician tapped me on the shoulder, and whispered:

"My dear sir, you know it was all your own fault—but you did it well, surely! Now for God's sake don't say anything about it, and, above everything else, don't put our names in your sketch, nor write anything that may fasten ridicule upon us. Will you promise that? Here—take this Havana."

"I promise faithfully," I replied, laughing at him.

I overtook the detective on the steps. He looked quite sheepish and dejected.

"You are a fool," I said.

He replied:

"And you are the Devil!"

W. C. MORROW.